WELSH IN PATAGONIA.

The Remarkable Story of the Colony at Chubut.

SIX BITTER YEARS OF ADVERSITY.

The New Life that Came with the Boon of Water.

A Colony to Perpetuate the Welch Lansange-Wars with the Indians-The Bread of Charity Sappiled by the Argenthe Saverament-Peace of the Air-Meligious Evidences-A Question About Marriage Gold, Shoop, and Crops What the Railroad Born-Ains! for the Perpetuntion of the Old Weigh Language,

Rarely, if ever, in the history of the Americas have emigrants from the old country been surrounded by conditions and circumstances so disouraging as those to be told in the story of the Weish colony that is now flourishing on the banks of the Chubut River in Patagonia, 750 miles southwest of Buenos Ayres. Although one must really see the country to appreciate fully what the colonists endured and have achieved, yet I fancy that some of the facts are of suffcient human interest to make the story fully worth the telling.

The colony is known by the name of the river en which it is located - Chubut. It was formed by emigrants who left their homes, paradoxical may seem, because they were patriots. They were all Welshmen who, because the laws of Great Britain have compelled the use of Engish in all Weish schools since the year 1282, when Prince Llewellyn fell, determined to found a colony in such an out-of-the-way part of the world that they could, unmolested, perpetuate the mother tongue of Wales. The prime mover in this matter was Dr. Michael Jones of Bals College, and he was assisted by Mr. Lewis Jones, who is now a resident of the colony.

These gentlemen looked the maps of the world ever, and they read the descriptions of all the ensettled parts which travellers out of the way had written, the ultimate conclusion being that no habitable country in the world could offer ch complete isolation as the Patagonia region of the Argentine Republic. There came a time afterward when they began to doubt whether the land they had chosen was really habitable. it was then too late to turn back.

An appeal for a grant of land was made to the Argentine Government, and that is an appeal that is never made in vain by any colony acting in good faith to any Latin-American Government. It is true that efforts were made to dissuade the Weishmen from going to Patagonia, but those efforts were intend-ed for the good of the colonists. They were asked to take the fertile lands of the north netend of the desert of the south. No one but the promoters of the colony believed that any ent could exist in the desert, and never did promoters come nearer to losing heart and

It was on July 28, 1865, that the Welst pilgrims first landed in the region they had chosen. At that time the whole of Patagonia, between Rio Negro and the Strait of Magelian, was in precisely the same condition that it was in when Pedro Sarmiento's colony starved to death in the strait, when Cavendish discovered Port Desire, and when Darwin explored a part of the remarkable Santa Cruz River. The Spaniards, at the end of the eighteenth century, had established a colony at Port Desire, a place that in some respects was better suited for habitation than the valley of the Chubut, and had falled They had abandoned their well-built houses, their gardins, and their orchards, of traces remain to this day, in 1807. They had failed because there were freezing gales out son, and hot winds in the growing time that withered all vegetation, as the fierce winds of like character burn up the hopes of the settlers in some untrrigated parts of the United States. And yet Chubut was further northmuch nearer the torrid zone and so would have server beats in summer and less chance of rain

Nor was that all. War was incessantly waged between the people of the republic (who were pleased to call themselves Christians) and the people of the desert plains, who were called savwhole, had the best of the fights. There are men now living to El Carneen, the settlement of Argentina-who can remember how in those old days a solitary desert chief was now and again known to ride down their principal street, halt in their plaza, shake the great fur robe from his broad shoulders, strike the butt of his spear on the pavement, and then, calling the chief men of the settlement about him, demand in imperious tones an explanation periodical tribute of cattle, knife blades, indigo, and cochineal that they paid for immunity from attack on their homes and safety for their herds The white settlers always on the range. answered those demands in politest terms and made haste to send the goods demanded. The Patagonia Indiana were a mighty people in those days. What could a handful of Welshmen unused to plains life and wholly ignorant of savage warfare do with such flerce warriors?

The time came, however, when the Weishmen were asking each other, "What would we have done without the Indians ?" As said, it was in the last week of July, 1865,

when the Welshmen first saw the land where they intended to perpetuate their mother tongue in its purity. July in Patagonia is the midwinter month. A sailing ship took them to the southeast corner of New Gulf, a nearly circular bay in the coast, 700 miles southwest of Buenos Ayres. Here it put them out on the gravelly beach, gave them some food and water, and then sailed away. There were 150 souls all told. How utterly alone they were and how far away from civilization can be better appreciated when we remember that in ose days no merchant steamers had yet gone down the coast to pass the Strait of Magellan, and that the only white men living south of the struggling settlement on the Ri Negro were a disconsolate gang of convicts guarded by an equally forlorn squad of soldiers in a stockade on the strait just mentioned. The Weishmen were separated from all civilization, even the Argentine kind—a kind to which they were not accustomed—by the stormy sea on one hand and by hundreds of miles of waterless desert on the other. Nor were their immediate surroundings any more cheerful than a contem-

New Guif to find plenty of gypsum. Neverthe-less, the water would support life after a fash-ion, and the Welshmen turned from the well to make shelters of the caves nature had provided.

From the work of arranging their scan of household goods in the caves these piones a went forth, not to sow and plant, but to make a ro.d. They were in the region where they were to find homes, but the actual home sites the farms of 240 acres each that were to be theirs lay fifty-one miles away over and beyond the crest of the desert amphitheatre within which thay had landed. They had to mark the trail lest they get lost, clear it of brush and level its irregularities, and then they must needs transport themselves and their belongings over it to the banks of the Chubut River.

And all this they did to find at last that, save for a deposit of black loam in parts of the valley of the stream, they had come to a land as deso-late as the shores of the New Gulf. The desert walled them in. The wells filled with alkali water. The north wind was like a blast from the furnace in which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego fell down, and almost every wind came laden with a brown fog of sand. was no timber for houses. They had sought isolation: they had found it with a vengeance. Nevertheless, these Welshmen - and they were all miners, too, and not farmers began work to make homes and farms. They laid out a capita city, which they named Rawson in honor of the Argentine Cabinet officer who had interested himself in their behalf. It was a sorry capital then, but duplicates of it can be found in the Texas panhandle. It was a city of dugouts and mud huts. They planted gardens. They looked the region over. They began to learn how to

over the desert. And then came the Indians, the huge-framed Tehuelches, to whom the early explorer of the region had given the name of Big Feet (Patagonians). It was a notable day in the history of the settlement, but not a day of bloodshed. The Tehuelches and the Welshmen became friends at once because the Indians, on learning why the whites had sought the isolation, comprehended the matter in a way that made them feel a brotherly regard for the intruders such as they had never felt for any other whites. The Weishmen had come to find entire freedom in the desert, and that was something the freeborn son of the desert could appreciate.

hunt the guanaco and the ostrich that roamed

That was an excellent beginning, but only a first victory. There were many other foes on the desert. There were the panthers, the great lean, sly cats that are called also American lions. They swarmed on the uplands and by night came to the settlement for the blood of horses, cattle, and sheep. There were locusts in clouds that obscured the sun. There were wild geese, ducks, and coots from the river-the winged pests were in legions. It was a waterless region and uninhabitable for man beyond the valley of the stream, but in the thorny brush of the desert millions of nature's allies in her warfare against man found breeding places.

For the first year the colony was to be supplied with provisions by the Argentine Government. The contract was faithfully kept. The colonists hoped to raise enough food for their own use after that, but their hopes failed. The hot winds destroyed the few results of their labors which birds and beasts had spared. Nevertheless, they held on for another year, the Government supplying their needs, although, meantime, more colonists had come. Then came another failure of crops. The reader will say it took a lot of pluck to hold on after that for another year. So it did. These Welshmen were full of it. Not only for another year, but for another, and another still-for six weary years those men fought the gaunt wolf that stood at their doors. Then came prosperity, but with leaden footsteps.

That the colonists did not perish absolutely of

starvation was due first to the persistent care of the Argentine Government. Uncle Sam was counted generous when he gave to every emi-gran: 160 acres of land. The Argentine Government not only gave these emigrants 240 acres of land each, on the condition that they improve it somewhat and live there two years, but it established a commissary department in colony, and for nearly ten years gave free of goet all supplies of food and clothing needed to keep them alive, and as late as 1877, when crops had begun to flourish well, still extended a genas, helping hand. This was done in spite of the fact that these Welshmen were avowedly classish. They had come to establish a Welsh colony, and had obtained permission in advance not only to preserve their own language, but to govern themselves free of taxation. Under the terms of the original concession they were of value to the Argentine nation only in the fact that they were to break up and cuitivate so much wild land. They could not have been made to fight for the land of their adoption even against an invading host of Brazilian monarchists. No Government was ever more generous to colonists than the Argentine.

Goods were sent to Chubut by the ship load. But more than once the ship went wrong, and the goods were lost. Then came the time of dire distress when only their good friends the Tehuelches could save them. The Welshmen were starving on several occasions when the Indians came down the river and brought succorguavas and ostrich meat in abundance, with skins for clothing. As the corn of the Massachasetts Indians saved the Pilgrim Fathers, so the meat of the Tehuelches saved the Welshmen. But the Tehuelche Indians have not now to mourn, nor do the Weishmen now hang their heads in shame at the mention of any King Phillip. White men made war on the Tehuelches and exterminated them, but no Welshmen, though the colony was then selfsupporting, took part in that hateful enterprise and when the red remnant were forced at last to give up the fight, they came down to the Chubut River and surrenderedto the fair-dealing white men, who had called them brothers and meant what they said. More pitiful still, when one brave old chief, wounded to death, was breathing his last in Buenos Ayres, he smilingly looked at those about him and said: "I am going to the Weishman's heaven."

As said, for six years the colonists struggled against failing, hopes, eating only the bitter bread of charity (it was bitter to them), struggled to maintain themselves where they could perpetuate their language in its purity. In 1871 came the turn in the tide. A dam was built across the Chubut River in that year, and an irrigating ditch taken out. Of course they did not finish the canal in one year. It was a ditch thirty-six feet wide on top, eighteen on the bottom, and six feet deep, and year by year they lengthened it out. When the water kissed the warm, dark soil it was like the kiss of the maiden on the lips of the grateful beast in the fairy

haunts on the plains of southwest Kanass and No Man's Land instantly. He
will say "gypsum" or "alkali" with
something verbally stronger still, as soon
as he gets his mouth empty. Indeed, one need and took up land there. It was there that the head of the great new ditch was located. They have since some to a third still higher. They have, in fact, taken up all the available land for seventy miles along the river. They have 270 miles of main irrigating canals; The largest has a cross section measuring 75x9x, 36 feet, and the whole 270 miles cost £180,000.

There are 3,250 people in the settlement. Some of the details of their condition from time to time remind one of the Yankee frontier settlements. They began their religious life in the colony with union services, and got on comfortably until they prospered. Sectarians floated in on the waters of the irrigating ditch, so to speak, and there was a burst of zeal in building up denominations that brought a growth in church outfits quite equal to that in the area planted-rather larger, in fact. Among the 2,000 people of 1883 there were two independent congregations with ordained ministers, who held regular services in chapels, of which "the walls were baked brick, the roofs were wooden with a layer of mud on top, and the wooden benches had good backs to them." as one of them described the places of worship. They had also a stone-walled chapel in a third place, and held regular services in schoolhouses in other places. The Methodists had a brick church with an ordained minister at Hawson, and held services in the upper valley The Baptists had a fine chapel at Frondrey, one of the little villages that sprang up, and an ordained minister for it. In fact, there were in all seven ordained ministers in the colony, and in 1884 the Episcopalians brought out the eighth. Every one of these had his of 240 acres of land, and every one worked his own farm and got rich, as his neighbors did raising wheat, It is a significant fact that up to 1884 the col

ony did not have a single physician. It scarcely needed one. Still some one was sure to break a limb every two or three years, and the colonists were right glad when, in 1885, a man with a diploma came there and took up the usual allowance of land.

Although only a handful of the people were Episcopalians, an Episcopal chaplain in the British navy was able in 1881 to cause more women to weep and more men to use profane language than any three men beside who ever visited the colony, so they say. It was the Rev. S. S. Morris of Her Majesty's ship Garnet. Mor-ris went to the colony when the Garnet called at New Gulf, and afterward wrote his experiences for a London periodical. This is what he wrote that stirred all Chubut:

"Those of the colonists who wish to marry have the religious rite performed in the chapels in the manner adopted by the Nonconformists at home; but there must exist serious doubts as to whether, either according to English law (in the case of the return home of a couple married in the settlement), or according to the laws of the Argentine Republic, these marriages are valid. Hitherto no case has arisen in which the validity of the present mode of marriages has been tested, nor, perhaps, is one likely to occur soon; but later on, in the event of the continued material progress of the colony, much misery will be caused should the Argentine Government decline to regard the present mode of marriage as valid. The colonists themselves are, with few exceptions, of the class that would easily imagine that being married with the usual religious practices in the Chubut Valley is exactly the same thing as being married at home in Wales with the same rites, forgetting that in the latter case the chapel has been licensed by the State for the soleminization of matrimony, and that it is under the supervision of the Registrar of the district, while in the case of Chubut the chapel is, in the eyes of the Government of the Argentine Republic, no more entitled to confer solem-nity and validity upon the rite therein performed than any other house in the valley. Two evils may possibly arise out of the present state of the marriage question: First, an unprincipled man may, on returning home, put aside his assumed wife and marry again without being legally guilty of bigamy. Second, property will not be able to be claimed by the children of such marriages without wills being made, and then higher succession duties must be paid."

It was an artfully written paragraph. If soand so was to happen then something awful might follow. Though free citizens of a republic, the simple-minded Welsh miners had grown up in a monarchy and had had instilled into their minds a reverence for a minister of the Established Church regardless of his moral and intellectual worth that a Yankee cannot well understand. To increase the sensation the parson's held their honor more sacred than did these Welsh girls of the Chubut Valley, nor did any ever esteem the honor of their sweethearts more highly or protect it more carefully. Of course the parson might as well have said that 'much misery will be caused should the British Government decline to regard the present mode of marriage in Canada valid" as to have said what he did say. There was no possibility whatever that the Argentine Government would decline to recognize the Chubut marriages as valid, It was an insult to the Argentine Republic, as well as an outrage on the feelings of the colonists to suggest such a thing, but the story seems well worth telling, as showing the feeling the English have about South American governments, and also because it created a great

atir in the colony. In 1883 a number of Welsh prospectors came from Chubut to the colony and went prospecting as far back as the Andes. They found several croppings of lignite, which at first were thought to be good coal, and that made a stir. The stuff is now used for fuel to some extent in the houses, and it is found that five tons will serve for about two tons of Welsh coal.

Then they found gold and went to work filing claims. The gold, however, lies only thirty-one leagues from a port on the Chili coast where a German steamer calls once a month, so that the diggings, which include placer as well as quartz workings, will hardly benefit Chubut save as a market for produce may be created. About \$50,000 gold has been invested in the workings. The Yankee traveller is sure to be informed. too, that "a Texas cowboy named Marshall has a store at the camp, and he says the diggings

Then it was observed that the desert plains above the upper parts of the inhabited valley swarmed with guanaces as the desert plains of New Mexico once swarmed with antelopes. Droves of from 5,000 to 7,000 were seen. It was rightly argued that sheep could live where the guanacodid. The Chubut colonists are going into the wool business, though slowly, and this is certain to be the greatest source of wealth to the colonist in the future. Bunch grass grows on the uplands. It is in scant quantity, but it is there. Water flows through the valley. The man who has water can hold all the sheep that can feed on the desert back of his farm, and that means at least two thousand. Sheep thrive won-

description the other. Now were desti monotones are monotones are monotones are monotones are monotones are monotones are monotones. The second is unconstant to the far-wave settlement on the Rivo Agron.

They had landed on a public beach near the foot of lew, white aimvaid city life the white the elements had exten belief into which the telements had exten belief into which the telements had exten belief into which the telements had exten belief in by the desert videos, the foot of lew, white aimvaid city and they work with the settlement and the foot of lew, white aimvaid city and they own tittle class to this sign and 400 feets read and public knows the search of the settlement and the foreign and the foot of lew, white aimvaid city and they own tittle class to this sign and 400 feets read and public knows the search of the settlement and the foot of lew, white aimvaid city and they own tittle class to this sign and 400 feets read and public knows the search of the settlement and the foot of lew, white aimvaid city and they own tittle class to this sign and 400 feets read and public knows the search of the settlement and the foot of lew, white aimvaid city and they own tittle class to this sign and 400 feets read and public knows the search of the settlement and the foot of lew was not the foot of lew was not the search of the settlement and the search of the search of the search the search of the search

want them. Patagonia is a good place, the President often thinks, for men useful in a for-eign fight but too anxious to take the off side in

Madryn also has a Captain of the Port and a squad of sailors to help preserve the dignity of the Prefect, and the Prefect has an assistant Prefect, who ranks a little below the Captain of the Port. Outside of the official group, but on excellent terms with it, is the railroad group. This, as THE SUN has said incidentally, includes an agent, who is a well-educated Welshman, and a telegraph operator, who is the charming daughter of the agent. To rank with the noncommissioned officer and the Jack tars of the official group there is a foreman and a gang of railroad trackmen. Then there are two lighters affoat in the bay for the transfer of freight to and from the Argentine naval transports, which come down from Buence Ayres once in three wacks. These lighters are excellent sea boats, instead of having the model that lighters in New York have. One is a schooner and the other a sloop, and five men man the two. I am not sure, but I think the Captain of a lighter ranks no higher than a non-commissioned offcer in the navy. In case any reader of THE SUN should go to Madryn he should find out about this before lording it over a lighter Captain very much, because if the right degree of respect were not shown him the Captain would be of-fended. This would be bad for the traveller in case the traveller wanted to go on board the lighter. The Captain would refuse to be cordial, unless matters were rectified with a long drink of brandy or a cigar. Patagonia may be a long way from what is called the civilized world, but one wants to understand all about these grades in rank when visiting there, because dignity and its proper recognition are matters of rather graver import there than any other place I have ever seen.

The railroad has prospered moderately. It

feathers, guanaco skins, and products of Indian workmanship. It carries in dry goods, groceries, and hardware, and several passengers a month pass over it each way. A train runs over the road every time a ship comes to port-say once in three weeks. In fact, the company is going to extend the line up the val-The people living seventy miles above the end of the road want better facilities for shipping their wheat, and they are going to have them. This branch of the road will very likely have a train once a week to accommodate local passenger traffic. In case the gold mines develop half the wealth they are expected to, the railroad will be carried right away up to the diggings. Patagonia railroad building is not expensive. All Patagonia between river valleys is everywhere ballasted with prop-er gravel for a roadbed, and is so nearly level that the ties can be laid, as they were laid on Texas lines years ago, right on the natural surface without turning a shovelful of dirt. As compared with some Yankee railroads the only railroad in Patagonia is no great affair, but when compared with some others it leaves them out of sight, because it pays dividends as well as develops the country. Yankee superin-tendents who are disturbed by the cost of wooden ties might learn something by writing to the Chubut superintendent on the working of the steel ties he uses in that alkali soil.

has 5,000 tons of wheat to carry from the colony

every year, besides some small packages of

To sum it all up here was a colony that might well have been called a failure before the people reached their destination. It was called a failure by about every impartial observer who visited it during the first ten years of its ex-istence. Nevertheless, in spite of the drought, in spite of alkali, in spite of homesickness, in spite of all the myriad drawbacks to which it was subject, it prospered at the last, and is now

worth millions sterling. But alas for Dr. Michael Jones of Bala Colege! Alas for Mr. Lewis Jones, now of the colony! They planted their hosts in the uttermost parts of the earth that the shade of Prince Llewellyn might flourish and his language be spoken in its original purity forever. So the shade did flourish and the language was spoken for many years, but when prosperity came there was an influx of other tongues, along with an Argentine Governor and an official staff. Spanish was the language of the Argentine and was necessary for all official business. Under the Argentine law every child born in the colony was a citizen of the republic, and it was a republic of which even the descendants of Prince Llewellyn did not need to be ashamed. The Welsh youngsters, indeed, have grown up to look with pride to the broad blue and white stripes of the flag under which they were born. They are children of the desert—and they love that desert-love it so well that they never lose an opportunity to speak in its favor; and they words created was the fact that no women ever speak with the soft vowels of the Castilian, rather than with the consonants of the Welsh.

LIVE BEARS ARE HEAVY. But a Dead and Harmless One that Weighs 1,000 Pounds Is a Monster.

From Forest and Stream.

Rut a Bead and Harmless One that Weighs
1,000 Founds Is a Monster.

From Forest and Stream.

I have hunted and trapped for years in the Rocky Mountain and coast ranges, the home of the wrizzly, just for the money that I made by it, and in all my experience I have never killed nor even seen a bear that I thought would weigh haif as much as some I have read about, and I have never known any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. Nine out of every ten bears that are reported as weighing all the way from 1,000 pounds up to 2,300 pounds were killed many miles away from a pair of scales.

The largest bear I ever killed, or rather helped to kill, was when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the Yak River in northwestern Montana, in the winter of 1889. We had had very good luck with beaver, marten, and lynx, and other land fur. Along toward spring we took a pack of grub and blankets on our backs, and went up a creek that empties in the Yak. We intended to hunt in that locality for lear; and, as we always take the easiest way to hunt, we kill an eik, deer, or any kind of game we run across for bait, then wait for the bear to come. We had lots of bait up that creek, and killed some more on another creek. Then our grub was about out, and we had to go back and pack up enough to last us through packing our grob, we began to each where there had been a hear taking the bait, for we were killing one now an killed bood fraps and guns for bear, allower good does, so we were kept hunting doe now and killed worth of we were kept hunting to grob we began to each where there had been a hear taking the bait for aeveral days. When had time to go D. said that he would raps and guns for bear, allower good does, so we were kept hunting the furthers bait for aeveral days. When he company, as he wanted to reach the bait when is awa ocar track. It was a whale. I told D. that most likely tho old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks mere freak. When we cane in sight of the bait. We pair he h

NELL PRESCOTT, BANDIT. Fair Virginia Girl Who in Youth Bled With Her Boots Co.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
PARRERSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 10.—The recent exploits of two female highway robbers in another part of this State recalls the rather romantic story of the life and death of Nell Prescott, old Virginia's first highwaywoman. Nell was born and lived and died within sixty miles of this town, and, though her span of existence mly extended over some twenty years, she made things lively in the mountains watle she did Yet her daring on the road had a fitting climax in the unique manner of her capture and melancholy death.

Nell Prescott lived and died "befo' de wah." She was the pretty daughter of old Job Pres-cott, who lived at the foot of old Bald Top Mountain. As a schoolgirl she was bright, intelligent, and studions, and it is generally believed that it was the extreme poverty of her parents

that drove her to the highway. Early in the spring of '83 a cattle buyer named Jennings reported to Sheriff Mulcahey that while crossing Bald Top, and when near the county line, he caught up with a prepossessing, boylah-looking fellow on the trail, who said he had walked from Linwood and was going to Deering, a little settlement nine miles this way from the mountains. Jennings offered the way-farer a seat behind him on the horse, which offer was thankfully accepted. Thus mounted the pair rode merrily on their way, chatting pleasantly as they proceeded. Jennings thought his companion was a very entertaining fellow, and was all unconscious of danger until, while passing through a narrow defile, he felt the muzzie of a pistol pressed against his head, and a voice exclaimed from behind:

Give me your money or else I'll shoot!" Jennings was dumfounded by the sudden and unexpected turn of affairs, but, as he heard the pistol click, knew there was nothing else to do but to comply with the command, and he at once drew out a roll of bills, amounting to \$300. which was immediately snatched from his hand by his boyish companion, who leaped lightly from the horse to the ground, and then said: "Stranger, you're broke now, and as I took the pistol from your belt to do the job, I'll give you \$20 so as to get another."

Then the robber disappeared, and Jennings went disconsolately on his way to Huntley, where he found the Sheriff. Mulcahey at once despatched a posse of officers in pursuit of the highwayman, and although they scoured the mountains for three days, could obtain no trace of him. Three weeks afterward a peddler was held up and robbed of \$63 near the same spot

mountains for three days, could obtain no trace of him. Three weeks afterward a peddler was held up and robbed of \$63 near the same spot where Jennings had been despoiled of his money on the Linwood trail. This deed was done by a small bewhickered desperado. From thence robberies were frequent on the mountains.

The inhabitants of the sparsely settled country believed they were at the mercy of an organized band of highwaymen, for in no two cases did the descriptions of the robber tally. The fact, though, that the crimes were always committed by one person and in a certain locality, at last led the authorities to doubt the existence of a band of robbers and to believe that all the "jobs" were the work of butone individual. At once they set about effecting his capture. Many attempts were made in that direction, but all to no effect. At last, however, it was deemed necessary to have deputy sheriffs constantly patrolling the mountains, and \$500 reward was offered for the canture and conviction of any highway robber. This offer set many private citizens on still hunts, and at last feabellimison and Al Wheaton devoted all their time to the pursuit of the unknown highwayman. One morning, accompanied by Gabe's bloosthound Jennie, they were on their way up Rattleanke Mountain, when they met a Hebrew pack peddler, who an hour before had been held up by a bearded highwayman on the Bentley road and robbed of \$30.

The peddler accompanied Gabe and his companion back to the place where the robbery occurred, and the dog was placed on the highwayman's trail. The hound was held in leash so as to keep her constantly within range of her owner's rifle. Thus the trio of men, led by the dog, followed the trail around the mountain side, through the woods and across chasms and brooks, Jennie baying loudly the while. After a two hours' journey, and when nearing Huntley, Jennie began tugging furiously at her leash and Gabe knew she was hot on the trail, and at last he caught a glimpee of a human form fitting through the trees ahead. Ins dog. followed the trail around the monitor of the dogs followed the trail around the monitor of the property o

ON A RUNWAY.

Waiting for a Beer Is Trying on the Merren, but It's Sport.

"Hay, there, sowny! Come, come! Be you goin to lay there an' snore all day? Crawl out o' that! Git up an' sniff a gallon or two o' the mountain air that's dancin' around here. Come out an' look about you a leetle, an' see what you think o' the way the brenk o' day drops down onto us, up here, mong the Pike county hills! It's playin' round the hilltops now, sonny. Git It's playin' round the hilltops now, sonly, up an' take a look at it. 'cause the sum 'il begin business 'fore longram' send the best part of it it scamperin' ev'ry which way. 'Sides that, I'm thinkin' that it's about time that all folks that's got any vim in 'em was up an' doin'."

Uncle Andy Piper was up and satir early, as was his custom. I crawled out briskly from the fragrant bed of hemlock boughs in response to his lusty summons. The first gray couriers of the coming day had given place in the eastern aky, beyond the hills that look down upon Silver Lake, to the crimson heraids of the sun's nearer approach. Pire, crisp, and spicy, the rich October air poured in at the open cabin door, indifferent alike to the sharp, snapping of the hickory logs in the wide, stone fireplace and to the eager flash of the gathering flames. Brisk and bracing, with elixir in its very chill, the breath of the autumn morning came up from the smooth waters, down from the toppling hills, and out from the rustling woods, tingling and kinding the blood by its touch, and instilling sturdiness and vigor from its robust presence. The crimson glow beyond the further hills deepened and expanded. Al' 'elow was bush and shadow. Soon the rapidly avancing sun heightened and en-riched the biazonry of the eastern sky until its tints lived again in the mirroring bosom of the lake, save where the hesitating shadows of the hill frowned upon it and held sombre su-premacy. Gradually broad bars of gold unfolded their radiating splendor against the quivering belt of crimson, which bright herald of their coming paled before them, and slowly vanished. The wooded summits, already gorgeous in the robe of autumn, gleamed and glistened. The shadows of the hills upon the lake gathered unto themselves and crept away. Then slowly the east became like a sea of fire, upon which at ast no eye could gaze, and all around, on hill and stream and forest, rested the full glory of a ripe October morning.

"Weil," said Uncle Andy, "If you've took in enough o' this fresh mountain air, come in. I've got some fresh tanzy."

There was a wide gap between tanzy and the plender of an October dawn in the mountains, but I followed Andy into the cabin. Two tum-

but I followed Andy into the cabin. Two tumblers stood on the table. Into each one the old woodsman dropped a sprig of tanzy and bruised it with the handle of his hunting knife.

"Lemme see," said he. "The doctor told me to moisten this here tanzy, seems to me. Yes, he did. Don't seem, though, as if he told me to moisten it with water. No, sir! He told me to moisten it with water. No, sir! He told me to moisten it with sumfin out o' that black bottle, yonder. Course he did."

"Incle Andy took a black bottle from his shelf and from it poured each glass half full." This hain it sumfin to drink, mind you;" said he, warningly. "This is medicine. There ain't nothin' like it fer-fer-fer the blood, I think the doctor told me. There ain't nothin' like fer sumfin' or other, anyhow, so we must take a dose of it. It's medicine, sonny, an'I alluz like a bit o' augar in mine. Hev some sugar in your'n'"

The drink was good. Whether it was a santary precaution or not, it was a success. It was good, and Uncle Andy seemed pleased when I told him so. He winked and said:

"filad you like it, 'cause it won't be so hard doctorin' if you should happen to git took with sumpin' or other. It beats quinine all holler, gin and tanzy does, an' it don't rack your system ever."

After breakfaat we got ready for Burnt Chest-

gin and tanzy does, an 'I' don't rack your system never."

After breakfast we got ready for Burnt Chestnut runway, where Andy said we would be sure
to get a shot at a deer or two that day.

"Tain't goin' to be as clear an' bright as this
for long," said he. "By the time we git to the
runway it'll look enough like snow to make you
think o' sleddin', an' I'll be glad of it. Gimme
clouds insted o' sun when I'm huntin', an' if
there's a deer anywhere in my bailiwick he's
got to get up an' hump hisself if he gets away
from me. So don't lay out to hev a nice genial
time with yerself on the runway. Look out fer
a long wait an' a nippin' one."

A MYSTERIOUS LOAF OF BREAD. Found Sweet and Fresh in a Gravel Bed

BATH, N. Y., Oct. 27 .- Twenty-five years ago Timothy Monahan purchased a farm in Livingston county, near Portage Bridge. He has lived on the farm ever since. On part of the property was a piece of heavy timber, which Monahan cleared off twenty years ago. In a field where this timber stood Monahan was digging a ditch a few days ago. To do this he had to dig through a deposit of gravel four feet deep. At that depth he uncovered what he at first thought was a big stone nearly round, but on striking it with his pick to loosen it he was surprised to see the pick

pick to loosen it he was surprised to see the pick pass clear through it without making any resistance. Monahan then picked up the supposed alone, and his amazement was great to find it to be a loaf of bread.

The loaf was in perfect condition, even to the crisp, brown crust. It was as soft, light, and most inside as if it had just come from the oven. The loaf broke in two as he was removing it from its bed in the gravel. He fed half of it to his dog, who ate it greedily. The other half of it to his dog, who are it greedily. The other half of the loaf Monahan carried to his house, where it is now, a wouder to the neighborhood. Monahan declares that the ground where the loaf was found had never been broken during his quarter of a century on the place.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid leveling principles embraced in the

laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession because it acts on the Kidprofession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weak-

ening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figa, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

MYSTERIOUS MONAZITE.

An Important, Refractory, Lonety Mineral Found in North Carolina.

What is monazite?"

Fifty times the question was put by a SUN re-corter to as many of those shrewd New Yorkers who make handsome fortunes in dull offices in Maiden lane and Burling slip and Cedar street and the regions roundabout, and fifty times, with more or less variation of accent, came the

Answer: "Never heard of it." Yet monazite is a commercial fact of importance; it is being talked of learnedly in learned societies; it is being quietly handled here in New York, while down in North Carolina there is a monazite boom of a veiled and secret sort. Quiet, mysterious references have been made to it by quiet, sedate business men, but the

limit of information has seemed to be soon reached. One Pearl street millionaire, who has handled oils for fifty years, informed his bookkeeper last Monday that he was going down to North Carolina to buy a few square miles of land. "What for?" asked the bookkeeper. "Monarite," replied the millionaire, and that is all that he could or would say. Another old gentleman just around the corner on Pine street. has sent his son-in-law to Germany, where the inner secrets of monanite are to be gathered. An agent for a commission firm has been slip-

ping around from point to point in North Caro-

lina buying up all the monazite in sight. There were millions in it. The market was "busted." It was used to deteriorate gold. It was a patent medicine. No one outside of two people, one in New York and one in Hamburg, knew what it was used for. It was an open secret and not worth talking about. Of such were the varying and contradictory hints and phrases that had floated into the reporter's ken. yet when it came to the simple question, "What is monarite?" the answer was almost invariably the negative one just quoted. Sometimes, however, it was accompanied by a half friendly pointer, such as "Go down and see Flinkstein; he knows all about it." or "Run over to Dr. Schwartzmann's place and ask him." And so by dint of mounting many dark and greasy steps, getting into all sorts of strange smelling laboratories, and by takingiup leads and hints and indications, the following facts about monazite were secured:

Monazite is a strange, rare mineral found in that rich metallic heart of the Appalachian mountains that lie in North Carolina. Some year or so ago one of the gold mining companies down there discovered in their placers a deposit of small, brown crystalline sand which was quite unfamiliar to any of the miners. They sent a sample to their agent here in New York. The agent sent it to a famous German analytical chemist, by whom it was recognized as monarite. Up to that time it had only been to the sould be sould be sent to the server of the such to the control of the such that only been to the server of the such that only been to the server of the such that only been to the server of the such that only been to the server of the such that the such that only been to the server of the such that the server of the such that only been to the such that the such that only been to the such that the such that the such that only been to the such that the such that the such that only been that the such that th yet when it came to the simple question.

York. The agent sent it to a famous German analytical chemist, by whom it was recognized as monarite. Up to that time it had only been found in small and scattered deposits in such widely separated localities as Finland and Cornwall, Norway and Bohemia, and in such small quantities that only the richer laboratories had any specimens. It was not like anything else under the sun, and so the few brown octahedron crystals that had been bottled up were labelled monarite, or the "lonely," or "solitary" mineral. The composition of the mineral was even more curious, for it was found to contain six of those undefinable products known as "rare earths" and all ending in "ium," which is a peculiarity, it seems, of these imperiables dusta. What these dusts had gone through before arriving at the catalogued state of "iums" and "ites" can only be guessed at, but the inference is that they had been born in a period of intense cosmic energy, for they proved to be the most "refractory" things on record.

Chemists call things refractory when they can neither melt nor burn them back any further toward the point of elemetary origin, and these earths wouldn't go back at all. No matter how great the heat, they just became incandescent, and glowed with a brightness that was like that of the sun; but when the fame was turned off they were just rare earths, undestroyed "iums" as before.

It happened about this time that a certain

they were just rare earths, undestroyed "iums" as before.

It happened about this time that a certain illuminating company was looking for just such a material as monarite, and in correspondence heard of it. Investigations were made, experies were despatched to North Carolina, and monarite was found by the ton. Along the riverbanks and in the river beds, in the clerts of auriferous rocks, and at the bottom of guillesthe brown crystalline sand was found, and bought and shipped to Germany. But it took a lot of sand to furnish the imperishable material in the shape that was needed, and the price went up until it reached \$150 a ton, and from that up to \$200 and over. Then the search for monarite was begun in earnest, and now in Alexander, Madison, Mitchell, Yancey, Burke, Polk, McDowell, and Rutherford counties there is a monarite boom.

Young Girls Suffer

From the same causes which make so many women miserable. This being the case, what is your duty, most loving mother? You know that irreg-

ularity, suspension, or retention, severe headaches, waxy complexion, depression. weakness,

loss of appetite and interest means trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound should be given at once. It is the most effective remedy for irregularity or suspended action known to med-

Twenty years of unparalleled success and 20 thousand women confirm its power over all those dreaded diseases peculiar to women. All drug-

gists have it for you. Accept the truth and be well.